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SPECIAL FEATURE

VOL. VII, NO. 2 NOVEMBER 1983

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MARY
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R.E.M.

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Miller

HIGH LIFE

WELCOME
To Miller Time



IN ONE EAR

Letters

I'm a senior at a fairly respectable college and I've been reading your magazine like a lung fish ever since the freshman experience. It's been like a delicatessen to me. Have there been tempestuous moments, over the years? We require a tough haul, sometimes, to buttress what Kierkegaard may have meant when he wrote, "Sermons come and go, but occidental therapy is stuck in reverse!"

Raglan Sleeves III
Gainesville, FL

I almost always enjoy the articles you do on up-and-coming bands. But some of the bands playing in college towns are just as interesting, if not more so, than the ones who are signed to major labels. I realize that these big-time bands have publicists and money to spend on advertising, but why doesn't *Amperсанд* take a look at some of the local bands across America?

Jo Gallen
Austin, TX

I liked your fashion section — hope you do more of them, but really — enough of the *Flashdance* crap. That look is old now, and by spring — when you said it would be hot — it'll be ice cold — or at least it should be.

Carrie Stocks
Santa Cruz, CA

You people must be gullible in more ways than one. First you do a story on boring boozos like a Flock of Seagulls, then you give an entire page (plus a continuation) to a guy we've never seen or even heard of. Do you really think this Pare is so great, or does he just have a pushy press agent? How many lunches did it take to convince you to do this story?

Norman Katzenbach
Bloomington, IN

Lunches? You mean you can get lunches for this? Why didn't any one tell us before?

Send your missives, epistles, billets-doux and plain old letters to *In One Ear*, 1680 North Vine, Suite 900, Hollywood, CA 90028.

& OUT THE OTHER

Are All Sequels Created Equal?

EATING RAOUL, the surprise black comedy hit of a few seasons ago, now a fixture on the midnight movie circuit, is due for a follow-up saga. Not to be called *Digesting Raoul*, however. This one features those huggable murder-perverts Paul and Mary Bland as candidates for the governor's office in Sacramento, California. The title: *Bland Ambition*. Mary Woronov and Paul Bartel return in the title roles, with *Raoul* co-writer Richard Blackburn (an *Amperсанд* contributor, hey!) promoted to director.

PRODUCER JACK HALEY (*That's Entertainment I and II*) is busy cutting out and pasting together the swanky Fred Astaire dance numbers from MGM's bygone musicals, to be compiled into a film called *That's Dancing*.

PRODUCERS ILYA AND ALEXANDER Salkind insist there will be a *Superman 4* — with or without Christopher Reeve. Australian director George Miller is planning

Mad Max III (in this country, *Mad Max II* was titled *The Road Warrior*), and Mel Gibson will ride again.

Life Imitates Art,
Art Gets Miffed

REPO MAN, starring that veteran of low-life roles, Harry Dean Stanton, is a low-budget movie about low-budget people. Shot inventively by first-time director Alex Cox, it's the tale of a gang of professional car repossessors on the trail of an old Chevy with a mad nuclear scientist at the wheel and a valuable mystery cargo in the trunk. When the director and some of his crew went out for dinner, they took the beat up Chevrolet and parked it on the street in Santa Monica. Imagine their collective surprise when they returned to find the heap stolen.

Sue Me, Sue You Blues

NORTHERN SONGS holds copyrights to many of the old Beatles songs. You know, the ones that say "All you need is love" and "Money can't buy me love" and things like that. Northern Songs is suing Sesame Street because its recent educational album for children, *Born to Add*, contains two parodies of Beatles songs. Copyright infringement, say mouthpieces for Northern Songs, according to a report in *Billboard*. The

tracks in question are "Letter B" (to the tune of "Let It Be") and "Hey Food" (to the tune of "Hey Jude"). Northern Songs is suing to the tune of \$1 million, along with demands that the LP be taken off the market. Presumably, all the six-year-olds now hearing "Hey Food" would otherwise have gone out to buy a million bucks worth of Beatle records. Other artists parodied on the record include Bruce Springsteen (the title cut) and the Rolling Stones ("I Can't Get No Co-Operation").

O.K., ONE MORE CHORUS: Last time we tuned in on Frank

CONT'D ON PAGE 6

Thanks to our new production schedule, this issue was laid to rest before the October issue was even distributed, which allowed you very little time to submit jokes. And the old jokes were just too awful.

So, despair not; with any luck, we'll have some hilarious tidbits in this section next issue. Just to make sure of that, you (yes you) should write down something funny and send it to us. You could earn \$20. Then again...

Send the levity to *Amperсанд Jokes*, 1680 North Vine, Suite 900, Hollywood, CA 90028. We're ready to giggle.

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News, rumor & innuendo

OUR COVER

Handsome Dennis Quaid was snapped by Hollywood photographer Greg Gorman, famous for his celebrity sessions.



Introducing the 5/50 Plymouth Turismo 2.2 for 1984. Match it! (If you can.)

A five-year or 50,000-mile Protection Plan:^{*} Match it, anyone!

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43 est. hwy. ^[27] EPA est. mpg: ‡ Match it, Mustang!

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^{*}5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first. Limited warranty. Deductible may be required. Excludes leases. See dealer for details. ^{**}Based on acceleration tests performed by NHRA. Comparison only applies to cars with standard engines and transmissions. Competitive cars 1983 models. [‡]Use EPA est. mpg for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway and California estimates lower. [†]Due to unavailability of 1984 data, sticker price comparisons based on competitive 1983 models. Standard equipment levels may vary.

...CONT'D FROM PAGE 4
Zappa, he was attempting to sue the filmmakers responsible for *Valley Girl*. Remember their slogan, "She's cool, he's hot, she's from the valley, he's got 7." Anyway, Zappa wasn't suing them on grounds of good taste. He just believed that, as an alleged originator of the insipid "valley girl" trend, he was due a cut. Today Frank has his sights on Warner Bros.

Records and \$6 million. At stake is the accounting done on record sales when Zappa was a W. Bros. artist, plus some punitive damages. Actually, the entire entertainment industry is famous for "creative" accounting practices that conceal the number of books, records, concert or film tickets sold thus reducing pay for artists who make a percentage of the take. So Uncle Frank, who seems to

spend more time in court than in the studio, may be right this time.

How Much Did *Citizen Kane* Cost?

HALL A MILLION DOLLARS, reports the *Los Angeles Times*, has been budgeted for Michael Jackson's next rock video. The ten-

minute artwork is to be directed by John Landis of *Animal House*, *American Werewolf in London*, and *Twilight Zone* fame. Not a guy who works cheap: Landis' musical affirmations, as displayed in *The Blues Brothers* and *Animal House*, are his different eyes and styles. (How Jackson represents "Remember the Day" Charles, John Lee Hooker, Cal Calloway, and Aretha Franklin, appears in *Blues Brothers*, the prominence of "Love Train" and "Maine" in *Animal House*.) Anyway, the clip is 10 minutes, the title track on Jackson's album of the same name, which is closing in on sales of 10 million units. Best news: outtakes for *Cost Price*, a further music "documentary" coming in *The House of Wax* thirty years ago is a 15-minute version in the ten-minute span.

By the time you read this, Phil McArthur will probably have released an LP scratching two shoes with Jackson. "The Man" and "So So So."

THERE'S MORE: Michael Jackson will star in his first film role as... reach? — himself. Type-casting *one and the same*. Video chronicler Michael Peters (who did Jackson's *Beat It*) may also direct. (Not London.) If the video cost \$500,000, what must Jackson's movie life cost? Granted, Jackson has been performing since near infancy, but still — how does one make a film of the life of a 25-year-old? They could intersperse concert footage with a fifteen minute bit on his first tooth.

Does Paramount Think We're Stupid?

EXECUTIVES AT PARAMOUNT PICTURES recently decided to change the name of the film version of Graham Greene's *The Honorary Consul*, reportedly because they didn't think the American moviegoing public knows what a consul is. The same studio also decreed that *Uncommon Valor*, starring Gene Hackman, should be called *One More River to Cross* — and then changed their minds again. It has no final, definite title. "They don't explain these changes, they just make them," said one Paramount employee.

The Envelope, Please...

SILEST TITLE of the Year: *Silence*. An unfinished independent production.

FAVORITE QUOTE of the month: Michael Caine, interviewed in *The Los Angeles Times*, described a friend of his who, when confronted with the universal American expression "Have a nice day," replied "I have other plans."

BEST TITLE of an unmade screenplay award for this month: *The Cycle Sluts Versus the Zombie Ghouls*. This is really a movie someone intends to make. Could we have made something like that up?

Futures

CHRISTOPHER REEVE will star in Henry James' *The Bostonians* with Glenn Close and Vanessa Redgrave. Burt Reynolds will star in and direct *Stick*, about a Miami convict-turned-chauffeur, and Murray Langston, the Unknown Comic, warns the world that there will soon appear *The Unknown Comic Movie*. Not in 3-D.

CHEVY CHASE will play Fletch, the Sixties investigative reporter/detective immortalized in six novels by Gregory McDonald. Several previous attempts have been made to bring Fletch to celluloid life, but all fell to the ground. We hope Chase flies.

JACK NICHOLSON will star as Dashiell Hammett's Continental Op in the first film version of *Red Harvest*, to be directed by Bernardo Bertolucci.

How to get through winter if you don't know a St. Bernard.



Since you can't always find a St. Bernard when you need one, it's nice to know there's something equally welcomed and infinitely more accessible. DeKuyper Peppermint Schnapps.

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DeKuyper Peppermint Schnapps.



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Holy Anonymity, Batman!

A NEW JERSEY TRUCKING FIRM that wishes to remain anonymous, according to its agent, Los Angeles businessman Henry Kuntz, paid a reported \$77,000 for the legendary Batmobile. The vehicle, created for the *Batman* TV series of the Sixties by famed Southern California car customizer George Barris, was the top attraction at a Celebrity Car Auction held recently in Universal City. Barris was immortalized by writer Thomas Wolfe in *The Kandy Kolored Tangerine Flake Streamline Baby* a few eras ago.

Duets

JESSICA LANGE (who graced *Amperсанд's* March '85 cover) and her new amour playwright/actor Sam Shepard, will costar in *Country*, which is, according to Ms. Lange's publicist, "a dramatic story about struggle and survival of a present-day farm family." It's filming in Iowa. Down in Tennessee, Sissy Spacek and Mel Gibson (the Jan/Feb '85 cover subject) are making *The River*, which is also about the struggle of modern-day farmers.

LILY TOMLIN AND STEVE MARTIN are *not* making a movie about farmers; their first co-starring venture is called *All of Me*, and it's an "alter ego comedy of errors," whatever that means.

NOT COSTARRING WITH anyone at the moment is Michael Pare, who starred in *Eddie and the Cruisers* and the just-completed *Streets of Fire* for *The Warriors* director Walter Hill. On the strength of these two projects, one of which is still in pieces, Pare's agent is now asking \$1 million for his client's services. And we still don't know if he can act, exclaimed one Hollywood wag. "He didn't have a whole lot to do in *Eddie and the Cruisers* except look sullen."

Hey, What Are Friends For?

BY NOW YOU'RE PROBABLY clutching, or hearing, or reading the cover of the new Paul Simon album; you may be wondering why it isn't a Simon & Garfunkel album, since they toured together this past summer. It started out as a dual effort, but Simon removed his partner from all the tracks of *Hearts and Bones* because, as Simon told the *LA Times*, "I don't write for Artie's voice... it's my piece of work." This will come as no surprise to *San Francisco Chronicle* writer Joel Silver, who reported that during their concert there Simon, at one point, put his arm around Garfunkel—and Garfunkel "visibly cringed."

Flashdance

GET A GRIP ON YOUR leg warmers, here comes *Flashdance II* (sometime in '84) and several imitators as well, bet your bottom Danskin *Beat Street* will be one entry into this Retards in Leotards genre, and there are sure to be more. Meanwhile, *Flashdance* is headed for TV Series-dom (still in the planning stages). Jennifer Beals will not appear in the sequel or the TV show—but she has her own line of clothing (distributed by Purita.) to keep her warm. All except one shoulder.

Why Go Hollywood When You Can Go Global Village?

PETER HYAMS, who directed *Outland*, is readying *2010: Odyssey II*. It's the follow-up to 1968's *2001: A Space Odyssey*, which was the reigning techno-amazo science fiction movie until *Close Encounters* and *Star Wars* came along. Production of the new film is set for this February. Meanwhile, Hyams needs to consult frequently with the author who generated these stories. But Arthur C. Clarke, one of the deans of sci-fi writing, prefers not to leave the comforts of his home in

Sri Lanka for the MGM lot in Culver City. So they talk on computers. Hyams punches in his queries at the end of the work day, transmits them to a jungle halfway around the world, and has his answers from Clarke when he arrives on the following morning.

Don't Count Your Buckaroos Until the Plot Is Hatched

THERE'S AN OLD cliché in Hollywood that the true art form here is the deal. Case in point: *Buckaroo Banzai* is an action-packed black comedy being shot by Sherwood Productions to be distributed by Fox. It has several important supporting roles. A major part of the negotiations with each actor was agreement on what they would make when they played *Buckaroo Banzai II* and *Buckaroo Banzai III*. At least one well-known actor opted out of the production over inability to resolve his pay percentage points in any future *BB* production and so on. Yet, at this point, no one knows whether *Buckaroo Banzai* itself will be good enough, or popular enough, to warrant a sequel. Oh, well—show business without greed is like drug abuse without speed.

Personals

MARY BETH HURT, once married to William Hurt and briefly allied with actor John Heard, recently married writer/director Paul Schrader. They expect their firstborn this December. Meanwhile, Nancy Allen and director Brian DePalma have divorced; we hope this means she won't be playing any more booted hookers.

Speaking of William Hurt, he's just been cast in *Kiss of the Spider*, the slightly retitled version of *Kiss of the Spiderwoman*, by exiled Argentinian Manuel Puig. Hurt plays a political prisoner who shares a cell with a homosexual, played by Raoul Julia.

Road Fever

NOT TOO MANY rock groups are venturing out on the road this fall, still smarting from low attendance at gigs this past summer. The mighty few are not afraid, however: the Pretenders will hit the road before you read this, with new members Rob McIntosh on guitar and Malcolm Foster on bass.

'Tis rumored that a combination Rod Stewart/Elton John tour might materialize. Don't hold your breath.

Byron Laursen & Judith Sims



This *Amperworm* emerging from its *Amper-apple* was designed by Jeannine Roussel of East Hartford, CT; she is a design student at the University of Connecticut, and earns \$30 for her work. Other talented denizens of collegiate life may also earn this vast sum; just send us your original *Amperсанд of the Month* on sturdy white paper, drawn with black ink (no ballpoint, please). Put your name and address on the artwork, and send it off to *Amperсанд of the Month*, 1680 North Vine, Suite 900, Hollywood, CA 90028.



R.E.M.

Mumbles Its Way Up the Charts

BY ANTHONY DECURTIS

Lyricist, lead singer and keeper of the key to the vaunted R.E.M. enigma, 23-year-old Michael Stipe sips mint tea in an Athens, Georgia cafe and struggles for the truth.

It's hard to describe how I feel about our music, in that I think that if I think about it too much, it's probably going to screw it up. Stipe confesses. His 5-day beard, tawny disheveled curls, and obsessive monotone style him more as an outcast from a Beckett novel than front man for one of the nation's hottest rock combos. "To think about that too much might be a way of... stifling it."

Fit sentiments for a man whose current single suggests that "Talk About the Passion" is to kill it. But the critics have shown no such restraint.

One reason is that R.E.M.—whose name is an abbreviation for "rapid eye movement," the deepest dream state—embodies as fresh and positive a sound as has emerged since the late Seventies' new-wave glory days. Over the top of bassist Mike Mills and drummer Bill Berry's skittering, eccentric bottom, guitar-slinger Pete Buck filigrees irresistibly catchy chord leads comprised of equal parts folk-rock gentleness, Sixties-pop brightness and post-punk fervor. Buck's ringing melodies burst into surging choruses that infuse songs like "Radio Free Europe," "Shaking Through," and "Pilgrimage" with an thematic uplift.

Just as Stipe's lyrics—the few that can be made out—rely more on imagistic suggestiveness than literal sense, his vocal style emphasizes rhythm, phrasing, and timbre over formal enunciation. This unwillingness to foreground words forces all the elements of R.E.M.'s sound—the instruments as well as the voice—to mean, and sidesteps the intellect with a direct, unmediated appeal to the emotions. You are much more likely to remember what you *felt* listening for the first time to an R.E.M. song than anything else about it. But after a few more hearings you want to sing along, and then frustration and wonder set in. At this point you enter the R.E.M. mystery.

This mystery derives in part from Stipe's own character. Though warm and gracious, he is guarded. He does not like to let too much in from the outside. He speaks of writing by "my own rules," of wearing layers of clothes on stage to "protect" himself, of the need to avoid "forced changes" in R.E.M. changes that do not originate within the closed circle of the band.

"The songs are very personal, and I think

Songwriter/singer Michael Stipe (left, typically eluding the limelight), Mike Mills, Bill Berry and Pete Buck (right).

that enigmaticism is a bulwark, a zone or a wall set up because there is that vulnerability that you wouldn't have if you were writing clichéd pop lyrics," Stipe explains. That mystery, that a lot of people have seen is probably a way of protecting that very personal side. Nobody wants to splay themselves open in public. Those that have, have not lasted long."

Stipe's careful, searching speech finds its balance in guitarist Buck's shout from the hip delivery. Seated on a bed in his minuscule room amid what looks to be the aftermath of a record store explosion, Buck plays pragmatic rocker to Stipe's ethereal poet. "People spend a lot of time wondering, writing, trying to find what we do, trying to understand it," he states. "To me, I don't think it's that mysterious. I don't think the lyrics are that hard to understand either."

As R.E.M. has progressed, Buck has had to face the inconsistencies a quick lip engenders. The man who dismissed videos as "commercial" now has a video in medium rotation on MTV. And the man whose band mixed opening dates for the Go-Gos and B-52's because they would entail the loss of audience intimacy now looks forward to a run of seven stadium dates with the Police.

"We've turned down so many things that everyone has freaked out," Buck asserts, mildly defensive about the suggestion of contradiction. "That's one of the things that people always write about, but it's true. And there's a whole lot more that people don't know about. We were just offered the whole Hall and Oates tour. And I would've liked to have done it. I like Hall and Oates, but it would've been so unhip to do it that it would've been cool. *You mean they turned down U2 and they did Hall and Oates?* What's the matter with those guys?" But this is as good a chance as any to give it a shot. Let's get our feet wet, let's see what it's like to play these monstrous places." (I ran into Buck after R.E.M. had done the Police shows, including New York's Shea Stadium. "It was boring," he sniffed. "We'll never do it again.")

But Buck and R.E.M. are learning that success brings pleasant contradictions as well as troubling ones. Since the extraordinary reception and healthy sales their 1981 independent single ("Radio Free Europe"/"Sitting Still"), their 1982 *Chronic Town* EP, and *Murmur* (their debut LP, released earlier this year) have enjoyed, even the doubters have begun to come around.

"When I went to college my dad dropped me off, and the last thing he said was, 'Listen Peter, we always told you you could do anything you want to, but for God's sake, don't try to be an actor or musician or something like that, it'll just break your heart,'" recalls Buck, who spent several quarters picking out Monkees' songs in his room at Emory University. But times change. "As a matter of fact I was talking to my dad just a while ago, and he said, 'Christ, Peter, if I'd known this is what you wanted to do, I'd've told you, hell, don't go to college, just do it! Isn't that weird?'"

A M P E R S A N D

The Trouble With MARY STEENBURGEN

BY BYRON LAURSEN

You say you want to be a celebrity journalist? Try this aptitude test. Find something nasty to report about Mary Steenburgen. Try to dislike her. After five years in show business, seven major roles and an Oscar, the toughest thing in print about her so far is that she's a "nice person" with a "neighborly smile." Don't be ashamed if you fail this test. The awful truth about Mary Steenburgen is that she's as immediately likeable in person as she is on screen. To compound the problem, she's an exceptional actress. And her personality is no less lovely than her dark, delicate, quick-to-smile features.

Cross Creek (co-starring Peter Coyote and Rip Torn) and *Romantic Comedy* (co-starring Dudley Moore), her sixth and seventh films, have just been completed. It is springtime and Steenburgen (the g is soft, as in "gem"), has consented to an interview arrangement that *Ampersand* has sought for nearly two years. The house where we meet is newly rented, a substantial and modestly splendid version of ranch style a short but steep-pitched drive up from Sunset Boulevard.

In about a year Steenburgen and her husband, British actor Malcolm McDowell, will move themselves and their children to 57 acres of oak trees and a new rustic-styled home in Ojai, midway between Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. W. Scott Herndon, the designer who set the comfortable backwoods look of *Cross Creek* in place, was asked by Steenburgen and McDowell (who also appears in the film) to sketch something with a similar feel for them. "And he rendered an entire blueprint," says Steenburgen, still amazed at Herndon's generosity. "Lots of verandas, lots of windows to make use of the land and the light. The house will be on a slope above a meadow. We'll have a vegetable garden. Ojai is a great place to have children. The people there have been very intelligent about controlling growth and billboards. It's relaxed, but it's not a drop-out place. It's just impossible to be depressed there."

Steenburgen is reclining across a wicker couch in the den. The cushions are white and oversized, with strokes of pastel colors. Steenburgen is a bit oversized too. Charles McDowell, who is at this point a few weeks away from being born, forms a rounded center of gravity.

In the adjacent dining room, a low table is decked out for a children's party, hosted by 2 1/2-year-old Lilly Amanda McDowell. "Yes," Steenburgen says, tossing a glint from the corner of her eyes, "it's a Hollywood party. Old glamour puss me and the party circuit!"

Steenburgen is an Arkansawyer, a Wonder State woman, born in Newport (just north of Grubbs) and brought up in North Little Rock. We begin to talk about Eudora Welty, a writer who has captured the feel of rural Southern life quite well. "It's hard to grow up in the South without a sense of humor," Steenburgen observes. "From the time you're born you see Southerners portrayed as nitwits. You have to either laugh at it or get depressed."

To judge from her comedic skills, Steenburgen chose the former route. In *Goin' South*, her 1978 film debut, co-star Jack Nicholson pulls some of the most insane, stop-out mugging of his career. Steenburgen is with him, though non-competitively, all the way. She switches from prim, cropped little smiles to eye-bulging, gulping double-takes in the span of seconds. In *Time After Time*, the 1979 release in which she met her husband, and *Melvin and Howard*, which won her the 1980 Best Supporting Actress Oscar, she displayed an exquisite timing sense and a seemingly unlimited array of minute facial moves. If acting were athletics, Mary Steenburgen would be in the Dr. J class. When I asked if the Linda Dummur role in *Melvin and Howard* was difficult, since the character was lively but dim-witted, Steenburgen smiles quickly and replies, "No, I'm real good at being less bright than myself."

Neighborhood Playhouse, an acting school, drew Steenburgen to Manhattan after high school. Two years of training there, supported by bookstore and waitressing jobs, plus later free performances with an improvisational group, gave her the confidence to audition before Jack Nicholson on May 7, 1977. At stake was the female lead in *Goin' South*, which Nicholson was to direct. Her ten-minute audition ran into two hours. She flew to Los Angeles for a screen test and won the part. Among the competition was another actress destined to win an Oscar, 1982 Best Supporting Actress Jessica Lange.

Goin' South was an affable film, but it wasn't a hit. *Newsweek's* David Ansen called it a "shaggy dog story, with Jack Nicholson playing the shaggy dog."

Time After Time, released in early 1979, was a witty, romantic, suspenseful time-travel tale. It was only a moderate box office success though. "I get more comments on that film than anything else I've ever done," Steenburgen says. The writer/director, Nicholas Meyer, went on to supply much-needed dramatic vitality for Captain Kirk and his crew in *Star Trek II*. The project also united its male and female stars, McDowell and Steenburgen. They formalized the teaming in a September, 1980 marriage.

Melvin and Howard wasn't big box office either. Steenburgen's Oscar victory probably doubled the amount of attention paid to the film, which was nonetheless beautifully written, acted and directed. Major roles in *Ragtime* and *A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy* (as Woody Allen's wife) added to Steenburgen's share of critical acclaim. But, still, they weren't films that drew massive audiences.

Cross Creek may be the film to change that trend. It's directed by Martin Ritt and produced by Robert Radnitz, the same team that was responsible for *Sounder* (four Oscar nominations in 1972: Best Actor, Best Actress, Best Screenplay, Best Picture) and *Norma Rae* (1979 Best Actress Oscar won by Sally Field). *Cross Creek* has plenty in common with those



two pictures. It is a high-minded, finely wrought story with a strong sense of humanity and virtually non-stop heart-string tugging.

Steenburgen plays Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, a woman who left a respectable, predictable marriage to struggle with a writing career and who eventually wrote the Pulitzer Prize-winning novel *The Yearling*.

"She was someone who seized her dreams by the throat," Steenburgen says. "She was a much more remarkable woman than she was a writer." Rawlings is the most difficult role to date for Steenburgen. "In a sense, she's a voyeur. Other people come in and leave. I had to be still and watching and let the film unfold around me. It's hard to portray the inner struggle of an artist without being dramatic or corny."

Another difficulty: the story happens in backwoods Florida. None of the other principal actors were from the South, but they all needed to speak with accents. Steenburgen had to speak as a Yankee. "I had to keep asking Marty Ritt, 'Did you hear Arkansas?'" she says.

Romantic Comedy, recently released, finds Steenburgen playing another writer. This one, Phoebe Craddock, is a schoolteacher who aims to be a playwright. She arrives in New York for a meeting with Dudley Moore, a successful playwright, only to discover that it's the day of his wedding. Being the stars,

She's wonderful and gorgeous, with a terrific family and a nice Oscar—all she needs is a big hit movie.

they're bound to fall in love. But it takes years of working together and a few other plot twists before they realize their made-for-each-otherness.

If either of the two new films is a smash, Steenburgen may have to deal with aftereffects such as are now part of her co-star's life. "Dudley can't go out for dinner," Steenburgen opines, "without hearing someone yell 'Aw thuh! Hey, Awthuh! Yuh sobah tonight? Other times you see stars put in these uncomfortably reverential situations. It's not nice to be made inhuman.'"

The shooting of *Romantic Comedy*, Steenburgen says, was punctuated by "a lot of me falling on the floor and being unable to continue, a lot of belly laughs. It's real fun to go to dailies with Dudley because he laughs so much. He's one of my favorite people."

Lilly, the party girl, pops into the room, wearing a white frock with two red tulips applied to the top. Her naptime comes before the party but she seems anxious to skip the former and go straight to the latter. She says her good-byes and leaves with her nurse, then turns at the door and runs back to say them again.

"She's the light of my life, that kid," Steenburgen says. That's the trouble with Mary Steenburgen. On top of everything else there is to say about her, she's a good mother, too.

A M P E R S A N D

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R U N N I N - G

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PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN

COMING SOON TO A THEATRE NEAR YOU

DENNIS QUAID HAS THE RIGHT STUFF

*But he'd rather be a
character actor than
a leading man . . .*

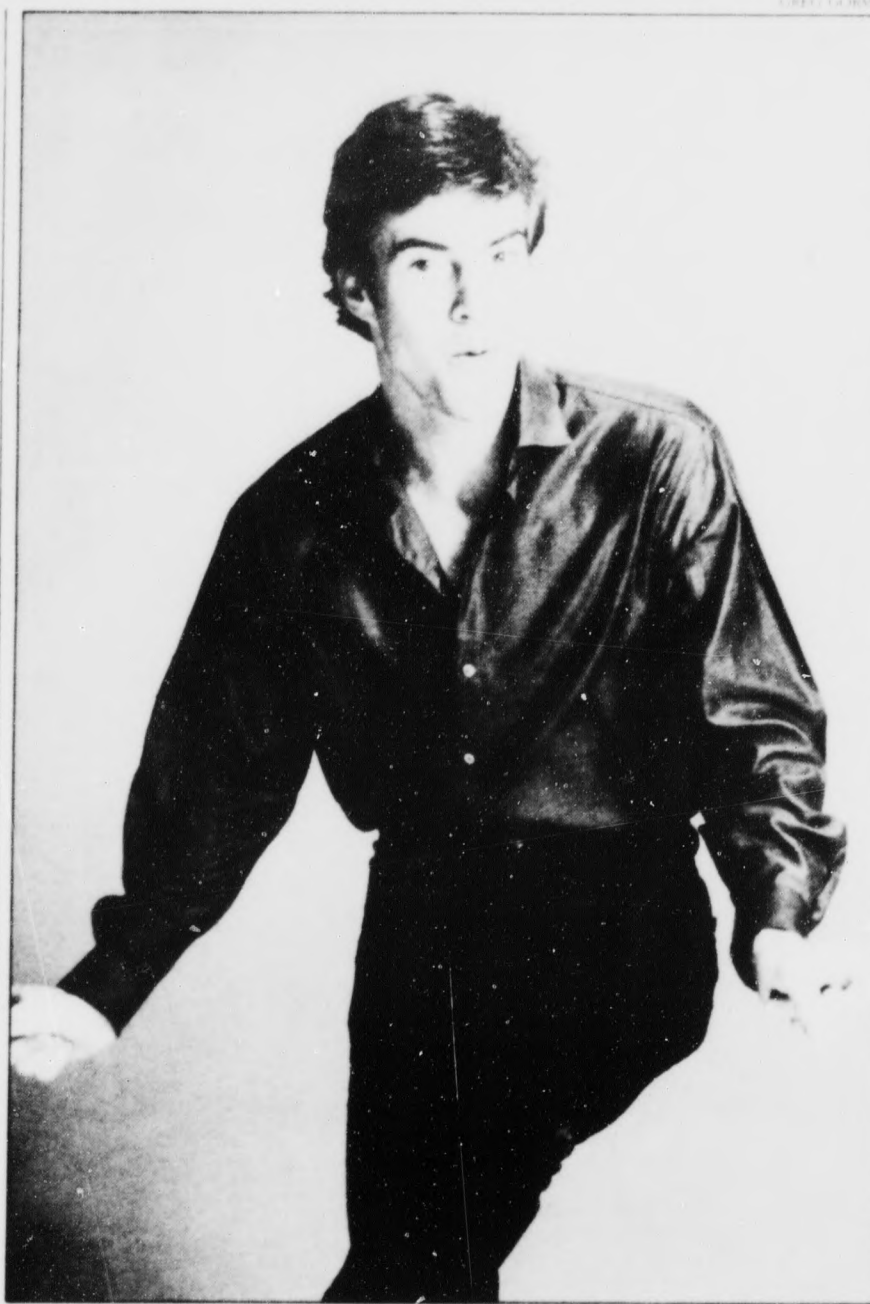
BY DAVIN SEAY

I don't feel like anyone's grooming me for anything," asserts Dennis Quaid, setting the clean lines of his jaw in a slightly defiant forward thrust. "I'm the one who's in ultimate control of my life and career. I make my own mistakes and take all the credit for the good work. The last thing I'm interested in is becoming a big star and landing a lot of leading roles. Leading roles for men are mostly bland and uninteresting—I need to play characters—that's what I do best. My aim is to play character leading men. It's been done before: De Niro does it, Hoffman does it—that's what the craft of acting is all about."

It's easy to understand Quaid's concern. Though he's already "hot property" at 29, his trim, compact frame, quintessentially conventional good looks and laconically amiable personality hardly distinguish him from that prevailing stereotype of the upwardly mobile American good old boy. There is, in fact, something reassuringly familiar about the actor—his t-shirt, jeans and tennies signal the universal code for Casual, while the faintly perceptible Texas drawl and ubiquitous Marlboro add to Quaid's aura of disarming normality. Quaid embodies none of the quirky charms or dangerous undercurrents of Dustin or Bobby—in person, at least, he is as thoroughly pleasant and polite as anyone's college roommate or next door neighbor.

On screen, however, it's a different story. "I've tried to do every kind of movie there is," asserts Quaid, currently on hiatus after wrapping up his role as astronaut Gordon Cooper in Phil Kaufman's epic adaptation of Tom Wolfe's *The Right Stuff*. It promises to be the most intriguing part yet in what has indeed been, to date, a diverse and risk-taking career. "I did a big budget number in *Jaws 3-D*, comedy in *Caveman*, some music in *The Night the Lights Went out in Georgia* and a lot of drama."

A lot of drama indeed. The fact is, Dennis Quaid more than compensates for his high-profile normality with some of the best on-screen smoldering in modern cinema. The most notable example, of course, was his "troubled youth" portrayal of a rebellious stone-cutter's son in the smash *Breaking Away*, a role that brought a caustic note of reality to the film and elevated Quaid to verging star status. The persona gap between this



Quaid as astronaut Gordon Cooper (right) in a fittingly macho pose in *The Right Stuff*. Out of uniform and in photographer Gorman's studio (above), Quaid demonstrates his finger-popping technique.

actor and his best work (the skulking outlaw in Walter Hill's *Long Riders* is another of Quaid's bravura performances) is deep indeed. "A lot of times you are hired because of who you are instead of what you can bring to the role. All they want is for you to play yourself. I want to avoid that."

There seems, on the evidence of Quaid's biographical data, to be good reason for his reluctance. He has had a life distinguished primarily by smooth sailing, good luck and the bucolic pleasures of growing up Texan. The sons of a Houston electrician, Dennis and his older brother Randy evinced an early interest in acting. "My father had always wanted to act," he recalls. "He looked a lot like Dana Andrews, who was a big deal back then. Some of my earliest memories were of him tap dancing around the house and singing like Bing Crosby and Dean Martin." He laughs, continuing wryly. "Besides, I was too small to go out for sports and the acting class was the only air-conditioned room in high school. It all happened pretty naturally. I went to col-



lege at the University of Houston, majoring in drama and made a little money with a stand-up comedy and impressions routine I did in some local clubs and strip joints. I was lucky to have a professor there who taught drama as a craft, he was a real encouragement. After two and a half years I came out to Los Angeles—my brother's example kind of spurred me on. I got an agent, I got a job—one thing led to another."

Randy Quaid, four years Dennis's senior, had already been attracting favorable attention with his rubber-faced portrayals of a variety of drifters, losers and nerds—on the strength of a supporting role in *The Last De-*

tail he was being touted as both a talented newcomer and most intriguing to seeing Dennis, a naturally gifted character actor.

Arriving in Lotus Land at age 21, Dennis Quaid paid the usual assortment of dues—sharing a one-room apartment with three other aspiring actors and stealing the occasional cheesecake from the neighborhood deli when times were really rough. "Randy was doing well, but I really couldn't live off him," confides Quaid. "I just kept watching what was happening to him, realizing that you really could make a living from this and that it sure beat tarring roofs. I did a couple of bad TV movies and an episode of *Barrett* and then, a year to the day after I'd arrived, I landed a part in a kind of *avant garde* film called *9/30/55*, about the day James Dean died. It was released for about fifteen minutes but I'm still really proud of the work I did in it."

Following a couple of American International potboilers, Quaid's next role was in Peter Yates' *Breaking Away*, a small budget effort that, as publicity parlance has it, "captured the hearts of millions." As well it should have. A relentlessly engaging film, its success came, according to Quaid, "as a complete surprise. We knew when we were doing it that it was a good picture, a charming picture, but none of us was prepared for what happened. Of course, it changed a lot of things for me."

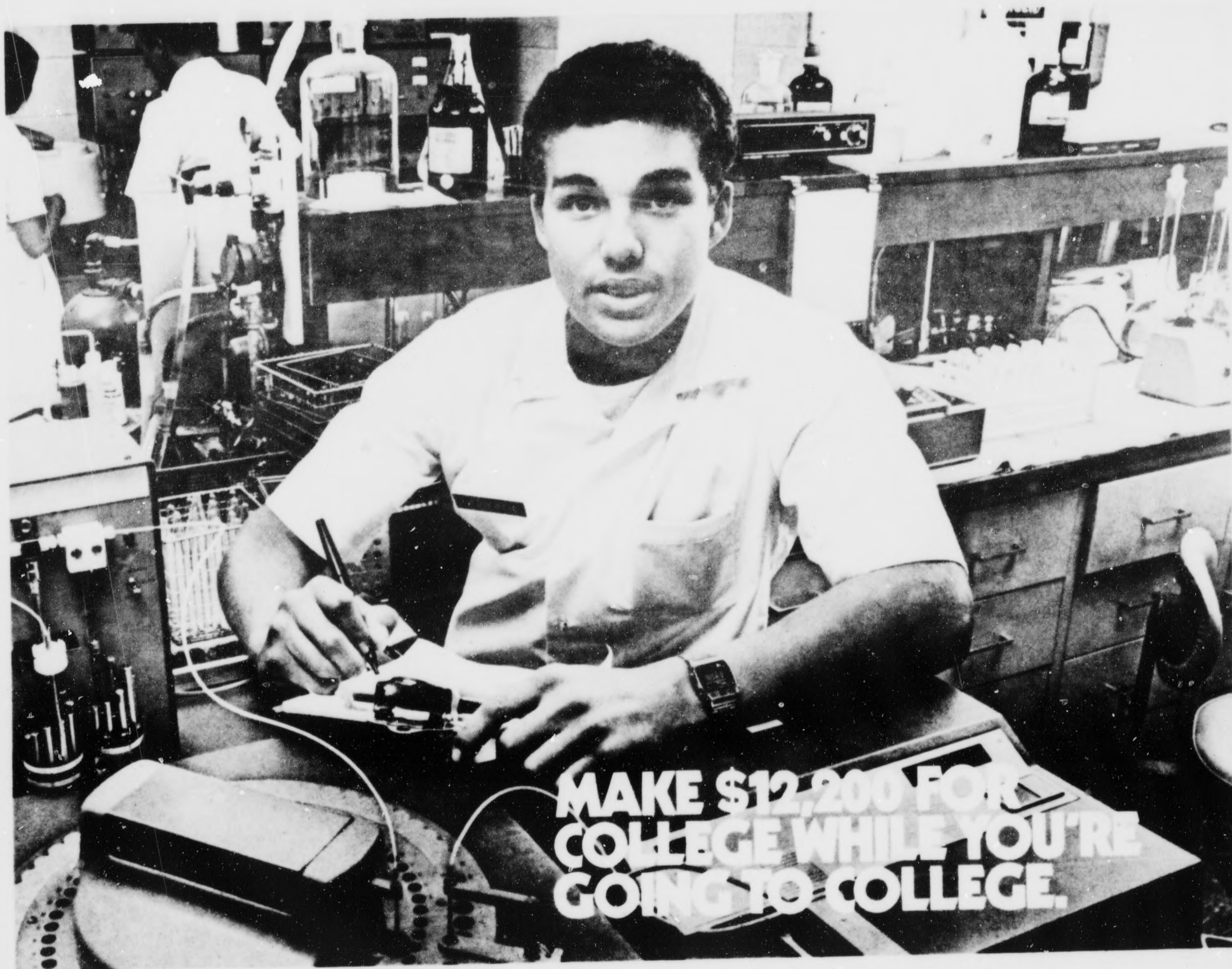
One of the things it changed was Quaid's access to meatier, more involving roles. Right after *Breaking Away*, he recounts, "I did *Long Riders* with Randy. It was another fun picture to do and Walter Hill, the director, is great with genre movies, but I think what I really enjoyed most was working with my brother. We're very close, best friends really, and when two people who know each other so well work together, a lot of interesting things come up. *Long Riders*, with its novel cinematic hook of three sets of acting brothers (Quaid, Carradine and Keaches) on screen at the same time, helped to bolster Dennis's growing reputation of taking small, juicy parts and injecting them with a kinetic energy all his own. It remains one of the authentic gems in the actor's portfolio."

"There must have been 50 guitars on that set," interjects Quaid, himself an ac-

complished musician, "even after the movie was finished, the cast would meet once every couple of weeks for a Long Rider's party—just playing, singing and having a good time." Quaid spends a great many of his off hours polishing his considerable musical skills. "It beats the psychiatrist," he remarks. "Having a guitar is what I call portable therapy." Freshly divorced and childless, Quaid also indulges his fondness for the outdoors—camping and hiking in the wilds of Montana whenever possible. Flying small airplanes is his newest passion, one acquired from his work on *The Right Stuff*.

On the subject of that film Quaid waxes eloquent. "It's gonna be great," he says of the three-hour film that chronicles America's

A M P E R S A N D



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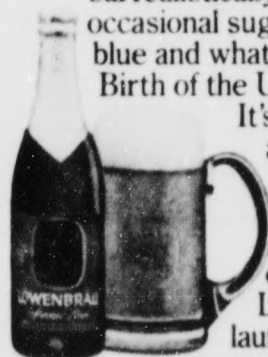
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Löwenbräu. Here's to good friends.

NEVER CRY WOLF

BY JIM SEALE

Pity the poor press agent for Carroll Ballard. Any other Hollywood director with a big studio film coming out would extol the movie's virtues, point out its significance for Our Times, and call it the cleverest thing since striped toothpaste.

Ballard's *Never Cry Wolf* was released in October from Disney after three years of production in the Arctic that saw its budget double. It is one of Disney's biggest releases of 1983, and Ballard's crucial second feature film. So what does he say?

"This is about a guy going out to the wilds to watch wolves. It's not a picture people want to see." And, "I'm very appreciative of Disney. They've spent a lot more on this film than the subject matter really warrants." Another quote designed to delight the studio: "Younger kids probably won't enjoy the film very much. Kids raised in the country might, but television kids won't because it doesn't have the pace they're used to."

This laconic, soft-spoken 44-year-old is actually praising with faint damns, since he's his most scathing critic. Four years ago his first feature film, *The Black Stallion*, went on to good box office, critical raves, and three Oscar nominations. Ballard became a new superstar, but he stunned reporters by saying



Charles Martin Smith bowls in the wilderness.

the movie didn't have anything to say.

He's much more generous to *Never Cry Wolf*, calling it superior to *Stallion*. It's true that *Wolf* concerns a young scientist (played by Charles Martin Smith) sent to Canada's Northern wilderness to observe wolves. But simple watching becomes an unsettling voyage of discovery into Arctic native myth, Inuit Indians who aren't always what they seem to be, and wolves which confound all of man's stereotypes about them.

Ballard's eye for landscapes and heroic archetypal imagery dominate *Wolf* in a way that recalls *Stallion*, whether in the pristine ivory of the snowcapped mountains, the majestic pose of the Arctic wolves staring into the camera, or the mossy hillsides of the northern summers. (In fact, *Wolf* is not a particularly "snowy" movie, with most of it set during the surprisingly lush Arctic summers.)

Though it is a film about nature, there are

few similarities between it and the award-winning Disney documentaries of the past. Not only is there a plot, but Ballard has bypassed *White Wilderness* and let *Charlie the Lonesome Cougar* out of his cage to explore the amoral violence of nature, as well as its beauty. Ballard acknowledged that some at Disney found the film's unwhimsical view of the wild "not to their liking," but said that for the most part studio executives had not interfered.

"This is a movie about wildness," Ballard said in his barely audible voice between puffs on an ever-present pipe. "Maybe wildness isn't a good word, and I don't mean the wildness of the wolves. It's about a loss of wildness in our lives, the wildness inside ourselves."

Wildness is precisely what cast and crew found near the Arctic Circle during filming. Smith, the 29-year-old actor in his first big role since "Terry the Toad" in *American Graffiti* and *More American Graffiti*, remembers the first thing he saw when he got off the plane was a grizzly bear.

"I've never done anything so grueling in my life, and don't think I ever will again," Smith said. "We all felt like we were on a mountain-climbing expedition. We lived in tents most of the time. We'd eat salmon the locals would catch. They just slap it on a rock and cut it up and eat it raw, like sushi."

Ballard found that capturing the wildness on film was easier said than done. First, there was the problem of casting the two speaking roles for Inuits (don't say Eskimo, which they regard as derogatory). "I had these old photographs of majestic-looking Inuits, and I couldn't find them. They didn't seem to be around anymore. They've changed a lot in the past 20 years. They eat different things now, they live in a different way and they've gotten overweight."

Unable to find two male Inuits in good shape near the population centers, Ballard dispatched a friend with a video camera to remote villages as far north as the Pole area to tape prospective actors. Radio stations advertised the two parts for \$25,000 each.

Out of hundreds videotaped, about four looked the part, and from them Ballard chose the two we used. They were very good. One spoke English and translated for the other. They were Zachary Itimainaq, who played the old shaman type, and Samson Iorah as his young companion.

Once cast, the Inuits were a quick study compared to the half dozen or so trained Arctic wolves. Ballard needed one to raise its leg and pee in front of the camera, but the wolf obliged by squatting. That just didn't look right for a big honcho wolf. Ballard said it took two months to teach the confused creature a new way of relieving itself, one of many problems that pushed the budget to \$10 million from its original \$5 million.

Another curious manmade problem delayed production a whole year. While the crew readied to shoot a caribou stampede, the herd's owner had their antlers cut off for Korean businessmen who grind them up and sell them as aphrodisiacs in the Orient. "We didn't know it, but they do that every year," Ballard said. Since a clipped caribou herd is an unphotogenic caribou herd, it was back to Los Angeles for a year's hiatus.

Ballard had similar problems with snakes and horses on *Black Stallion*. Despite being typed as Hollywood's animal nature director, he's sure of one thing: "I don't want to make any more animal movies. You have to work so hard not to get upset at taking three days to do something that would normally take you 15 minutes. I hate taking three years to do a film. It wears you out. I'm just totally exhausted."

DENNIS QUAID

CONT'D. FROM PAGE 10

early space pioneers. "It's the best script I think I've ever read. Phil Kaufman, who wrote and directed it, really got to the underlying drama beneath all the public spectacle. I mean, these were real men right in the middle of the American spectacle."

Quaid plays astronaut Gordon "Gordo" Cooper, the youngest of the original "We Seven," called by the actor who portrays him, "the rock & roll astronaut. As soon as I heard that they were making this film I wanted to play Cooper in the worst way. I didn't think I had a chance—he was 32 at the time of the Mercury launch and I'd be playing him at 28. But I tried out for the part and three months later they gave it to me."

The part could not have come at a better time for Quaid, following, as it did, on the tail of his lead performance in the abysmal *Jaws 3-D*. "I took that role because I thought I should do a commercial movie," he admits. "I thought it was a good idea at the time. I won't say it's a mistake, because I learn from everything I do, but I was very unhappy with the way it came out."

When Kaufman offered Quaid the Cooper role, it was "the best thing that's happened to me so far. After all, I've wanted to be an astronaut all my life. I was able to go to NASA, talk to Cooper and his friends, really live, breathe and eat the whole era. These are very special men. They were jocks, sure, and they loved to party, but they were also astrophysicists, doctors, astronomers—brilliant men. I think that during that time we needed a special kind of hero and that's what they represented. But in the process we lost a lot of their humanity."

Does the role of Gordo Cooper fulfill



Quaid with Kate Capshaw in the soon-to-be-released *Dreamscape*, a psychological thriller about a man who can live in other people's dreams.

Quaid's requirements for challenging character leads? "I think so," is his response. "At least for me, it was a tremendously satisfying part. It's really helped me to jump into a whole new kind of acting. I had to completely remake myself from the inside out. I also played someone older than I am, which is a very lucky break. I've been able to make that jump from adolescent to adult roles very quickly. I'm not stuck in the muddy, mid-twenties area where you're too old for teenage and too young for grown-up roles."

"I think an actor should periodically tear himself down and start all over again," concludes Quaid, who is relocating to New York for a shot at the stage. "At this point in my career, I'm very optimistic. I think I can rise to just about any challenge, and that's exactly what I'm looking for. There are no limitations." He smiles, leaving one to wonder how that boyish grin would look on Hamlet.



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A M P E R S A N D



Computers That Go to Class

BY STEVEN BARNES

Just as slide rule stock plummeted with the advent of the calculator, the calculator is ripe to roll over and play dead for a new generation of "hand-held computers" — totally portable, programmable units which can do everything from statistical analysis to word processing.

Let's define an electronic computer as a device which performs simple arithmetical operations at extremely high speed. These hyperkinetic morons can be "dedicated" to a single purpose, or remain flexible, capable of many different tasks. In some ways a calculator is just a "dedicated" computer. Although even dumber than their big brothers, they are often more efficient at performing their appointed tasks.

Therefore, when thinking of buying a computer, be sure that you *really* need the flexibility and power of the more sophisticated machine, and not just a specialized calculator.

True computers can be interfaced with a wide range of peripheral devices which make them the marvels of the 20th century. Buck Rogers be damned, the future is here *now*!

Your decision to purchase a computer should be based on usage requirements, technical background, budgetary and portability requirements. All of the devices listed here weigh 12.5 pounds or less — some are small enough to fit into your pocket. All of them have battery packs, and will fit quite comfortably on your desk top, thank you. The less technical background you have, the smarter it is to buy your machine from a local dealer who will teach and service you.

These thoughts in mind, let's take a look at some readily available units which are likely to be of interest to the student.

1) The Timex Sinclair 1500. \$79.95.

This machine features 16K Random Access Memory (this is the space that you program for your needs), expandable to 32K. It has an extended BASIC language, and 40 movable keys. The 1500 is said to be compatible with all of the peripherals and software available for the TS1000.

2) At 12.5 lbs. and \$1299.00, the Pied Piper is the heaviest, most expensive system mentioned here. It earns its place on the list, however: the darned thing does everything but wash windows.

It has a full typewriter-style keyboard, and a slim-line minifloppy disk drive with 748K bytes (formatted) and accommodations for a second 748K byte floppy drive. The STM Electronics Corp. computer has 64K RAM, and 4K of ROM, the non-programmable, "bootstrapping" internal memory. A 5M or 10M byte hard-disk subsystem can be added. It can interface a standard CRT monitor providing a 24-line by 80-character format. An RF modulator is also available. The Pied Piper comes

with the following programs: word processing, spelling dictionary, electronic spread sheet, and data filing/merging system.

3) TRS-80 model PC-4. \$69.95.

Although Radio Shack takes a lot of heat from diehard computer nerds, their products are well supported and available everywhere. Make your own decision based on knowledge, not just the opinions of those who sit around sneering at the glitches in *WarGames*.

The TRS-80 PC-4 lets you maintain up to 10 short programs in memory or combine the programming area to allow longer programs. PC-4's BASIC language includes 23 commands, 15 functions and 10-digit numeric accuracy. Typewriter-style layout of movable keys, including 53 keys for alphabetic input, plus a 10-key numeric datapad. It has a 12-character LCD readout, plus 15 smaller mode indicators. Functions include trig and inverse trig, radians or gradians, log, exponent, square root, angular conversions and absolute values. An excellent buy.

4) TRS-80 PC-2. \$199.95 (price may vary).

At 14 ounces the PC-2 is probably the best "Entrance level" computer from Radio Shack. It is promised to be easily programmable in Basic, with a 2640-character expandable internal memory. There is a built-in real-time quartz clock. The unit retains its programs and data even with the power off. A 26-character liquid crystal display is fully dot-programmable for graphics.

A 2.64K byte memory is expandable with 4 and 8K RAM modules.

5) TRS-80 Model 100 Portable Computer. 8K RAM version, \$799.00; 24K RAM version, \$999.00.

An 8-line, 40-character display gives you about one-quarter page in upper and lower-case characters. Fully programmable dot matrix elements provide graphics. Liquid Crystal Display screen.

The unit weighs only 4 pounds but has a full-sized typewriter keyboard, with six special keys, eight programmable function keys, and eight command/cursor control keys. A "Number" key even turns a section of the keyboard into a 10-key datapad. Included is a simple word processing program with "cut, copy and paste" functions. This would make it ideal for class note-taking. The unit also comes with a built-in mini-database and address book with search functions.

There is a built-in modem, and enhanced Model III BASIC, with full string handling, complete file operations, multi-dimension arrays, and 14-digit double-precision math operations. An RS-232C interface allows you to connect the unit to another computer.

The usual support accessories are available, including a "system briefcase," which holds tape recorder and computer, measures 20x14x4" and costs \$49.95.

6) The Epson HX 20. \$775.00.

Small enough to fit into a suitcase, the Epson comes with 16K RAM, optionally expandable to 32K, and 32K ROM, a full-sized keyboard, and an internal power supply which lasts for 50 hours. A built-in 24-column dot matrix impact microprinter produces hard copy at 42 lines per minute.

7) HP-75C. \$995.00.

Weighing in at 26 ounces, the HP-75C from Hewlett-Packard is a welcome addition to the field. It runs on AC current or a rechargeable battery pack, touch-type keyboard with 194 user-defined keycodes, onboard BASIC, and a real time clock.

A liquid crystal display gives a "window" on a 96-character line. Contains 16K of RAM, expandable to 24K, and three ports that hold up to 48K of ROM modules. Applications software is also available on magnetic cards. Keyboard overlays permit all keys to be re-defined by the user for customized applications.

An additional interesting feature, an "appointment" mode with 10 different audible alarms. In combination with the built-in clock/calendar, this is an extremely useful tool for the busy student or executive.

8) Hewlett-Packard HP-41C. \$250.00.

The HP-41C is totally pocket-sized, and uses HP's special RPN logic system. The system allows you to check your intermediate results.

Its 12K built-in operating system allows for immediate solutions to complex problems. It has four input/output ports for plug-in memory modules. A Plotter module provides plotting and bar code capabilities. Time Customizing modules provide time-controlled operations and special applications usage. Continuous Memory allows you to preserve stored data. Over 128 separate operations are pre-programmed into the HP-41 function library, with 58 of these right on the keyboard. Each key may be redefined. Maximum memory is 6.4K with extended memory modules. Interfacing capabilities allow the use of various printers, plotters, monitors, mass storage devices, acoustic couplers, instruments, and access to the power of larger computers.

An alphanumeric liquid crystal display provides a 12-character window on a 24-character line.

It should be clear from the above examples just how much power is available to the computer-savvy buyer. As always, the best

method of shopping is to know *exactly* what you need before you buy — if possible, before you shop. Point of sale pressure can warp the soundest judgment.

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A M P E R S A N D

Ford EXP Turbo.

New Dash.

The new EXP Turbo's full-function instrument panel provides you with a dash of technology. All dials and gauges, including the tachometer, turbo-overboost light, and standard AM/FM stereo with cassette are functionally designed and strategically placed. And for improved performance of another kind, there is an optional electronic search stereo plus graphic equalizer.

New Dash.

Cubic inch for cubic inch, the new EXP Turbo's electronically fuel-injected 1.6 liter turbo-charged engine is among the most powerful production engines Ford has ever produced. And yet, despite its performance capabilities, it is projected to deliver amazing ratings of [26] est. MPG/42 hwy. est.

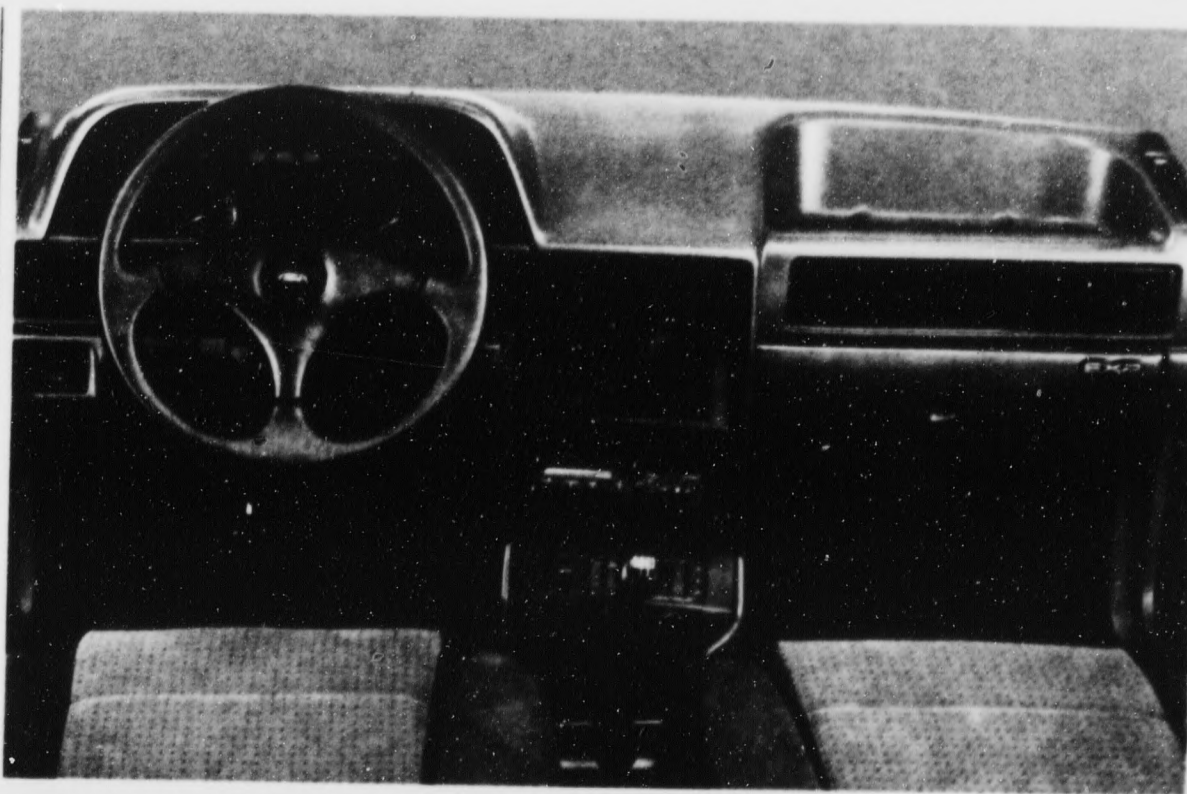
Although EPA mileage ratings were not available at the time of publication, these estimates are projected Ford ratings based on Ford Engineering test data, and are expected to be very close to official EPA ratings. Use for comparison. Your mileage may vary depending on speed, trip length, weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be lower.

New Dash.

You'll also find new spoilers, new aluminum wheels and a new bubble-back hatch. The end result is something rather rare in today's world: A car with all the dash you could ask for.

"Quality is Job 1." An independent survey established Ford makes the best-built American cars. The survey measured owner-reported problems during the first three months of ownership of 1983 cars designed and built in the U.S.

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lately?**



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